# OLD SONGS

OF THE

# LONDON PRENTICE.

MANCHESTER:

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# THE

# LONDON PRETICE

OF a worthy London 'prentice,
My purpoſe is to ſpeak;
And tell his brave adventures,
Done for his country's ſake;
Seek all the world about,
And you ſhall hardly find,
A man in valour to exceed,
A 'prentice's gallant mind.

He was born in Cheſhire,
The chief of men was he;
From thence brought up to London,
A 'prentice for to be;
A merchant on the bridge,
Did like his ſervice ſo,
That for three years his factor,
To Turkey he ſhou'd go.

And in that famous country,
One year he had not been,
E'er he by tilt maintained
The honour of his queen:
Elizabeth that princess
He nobly did make known,
To be the Phœnix of the world,
And none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded,
Well mounted on a steed,
One score of knights most hardy,
One day he made to bleed;
And brought them all to ground,
Who proudly did deny,
Elizabeth to be the pearl
Of princely majesty.

The king of that said coun[illegible],
Thereat began to frown,
And will'd his son there present
To pull the youngster down:
Who at his father's words
These boasting Speeches said;

Thou art a traitor, Engliſh boy,
And has the traitor play'd,

I am no boy nor traitor,
Thy ſpeeches I defy;
For which I'll be reverged,
Upon thee by and by:
A London 'prentice ſtill
Shall prove as good a man;
As any of your Turkiſh knights,
Do all the beſt you can.

And therewithal he will give him
A box upon the ear,
Which broke his neck in ſunder
As plainly doth appear:
Now know, proud Turk quoth he,
I am no Engliſh boy,
That can with one ſmall box o' th' ear,
The prince of the Turks deſtroy.

When as the king perceived
His ſon ſo ſtrangely ſlain,
His ſoul was ſore afflicted
With more than mortal pain:

And in revenge thereof,
He ſwore that he ſhould die
The cruell'ſt death that ever man
Beheld with mortal eye.

Two Lions were prepared
This 'prentice to devour,
Near famiſh'd up with hunger,
Ten days within a tower:
To make them far more fierce
And eager of their prey,
To gut themſelves with human gore,
Upon the dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment,
At length grew near at hand;
Where all the noble ladies,
And barons of the land,
Attended by the king,
To ſee this 'prentice ſlain,
And buried in the hungry jaws
Of theſe fiere lions twain.

Then in his ſhirt of cambrick,
With ſilks moſt richly wrought,

This worthy London 'prentice
Was from the priſon brought;
And to the lions given,
To ſtaunch their hunger great,
Who had not eat in ten days ſpace,
Not one ſmall bit of meat.

But GOD that knows all ſecrets,
The matter ſo contriv'd,
That by this yong man's valour,
They were of life depriv'd:
For being faint for food,
They ſcarcely could withſtand,
The noble force and fortitude,
And courage of his hand.

For when the hungry lions,
Had caſt on him their eyes,
The elements did thunder,
With the echo of their cries;
And running all amain,
His body to devour,
Into their throats he thruſt his arms,
With all his might and power.

From thence by manly valour,
Their hearts he tore aſunder,
And threw them at the king,
To all the people's wonder:
This I have done, ſays he,
For lovely England's ſake,
And for my country's maiden queen,
Much more will undertake.

But when the king perceiv'd
His wrothful lions hearts,
Afflicted with great terror,
His rigour ſoon reverts:
And turning all his hate
Into remorſe and love,
He ſaid it is ſome angel,
Sent down from heaven above.

No, no, I am no angel,
The courteous young man ſaid;
But born in famous England,
Where GOD's word is obey'd:
Aſſiſted by the heavens,
Who did me thus befriend;
Or elſe they had moſt cruelly,
Brought here my life to end.

The king in heart amazed,
Lift up his eyes to heaven ;
And for his foul offences,
Did crave to be forgiven :
Believing that no land,
Like England may be ſeen ;
No people, better governed,
By virtue of a queen.

So taking up the young man,
He pardon'd him his life ;
And gave his daughter to him,
To be his wedded wife :
Where then they did remain,
And live in quiet peace ;
In ſpending of their happy days,
In joy, and love's increaſe.

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